

CD 2002--94



Wednesday Discovery
presents

Kimberly Barber, mezzo-soprano
Che Anne Loewen, piano
in

"TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE": A LOOK AT LOVE IN SONG

Wednesday, October 2, 2002
12:10 pm. Walter Hall

- 1 Introduction:**
Tell me the truth about love (*Cabaret Songs*)—W.H. Auden Benjamin Britten
- 2 Early Love:**
Little Smary (*Arias and Barcarolles*)—Jennie Bernstein Leonard Bernstein
Mädchenlied—Paul J.L. Heyse Johannes Brahms
La flûte de Pan (*Chansons de Bilitis*)—Pierre Louys Claude Debussy
B for Barney—traditional arr. Herbert Hughes
- 3 A Mother's Love, A Daughter's Love:**
Nana (*Siete Canciones populares españolas*) Manuel de Falla
A Charm (*A Charm of Lullabies*)—Thomas Randolph Benjamin Britten
Och Moder ich well en Ding han—traditional arr. Johannes Brahms
- 4 Disappointments:**
Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte—J.L. Runeberg Jean Sibelius
Du liebst mich nicht—Platen Franz Schubert
Im Frühling—Ernst Schulze Franz Schubert
L'Ile inconnue (*Les Nuits d'Été*)—Théophile Gautier Hector Berlioz
- 5 Love and Marriage:**
Toothbrush Time—Arnold Weinstein William Bolcom
Geheimes—Goethe Franz Schubert
My Hero (*The Chocolate Soldier*) Oscar Straus
Sleepless Lady—Kurt Tucholsky Olaf Bienert
Susan's Dream—Alan Jay Lerner Kurt Weill
- 6 Epilogue: Habañera (*Carmen*)** Georges Bizet

Artist Biographies

Canadian mezzo-soprano **Kimberly Barber** (BMus—Voice Performance/ OpDip, U Of T) was born in Guelph, Ontario and maintains an international operatic and concert career, singing with major opera houses and orchestras throughout the world (including Paris Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, New York City Opera, Frankfurt Opera, Seattle Opera, Canadian Opera, ENO, London Symphony Orchestra, Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, Chicago, Montréal and Toronto Symphonies). She is renowned for the intensity and depth of her interpretations of such roles as Strauss' Composer, Handel's Xerxes, Ariodante and Nerone (Agrippina), Cherubino, Barber's Erika (Vanessa), Annio (Clemenza di Tito) and Ravel's *Concepción*, among many others. Her discography includes Ravel's *L'Heure espagnole* on DGG under André Previn.

Kimberly Barber's frequent collaborations with pianist Steven Blier and the New York Festival of Song, with performances at Wigmore Hall in London, Weill Hall and the 92nd Street Y have shaped her interest in presenting art song in an accessible format. Her deep attention to text and musical interpretation are hallmarks of her performances as a recitalist.

Ms. Barber's upcoming engagements include a return to the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra for Dominick Argento's *A Few Words about Chekhov* with Håkan Hagegård, a tour of Japan with Seiji Ozawa in *L'Heure espagnole* and Gianni Schicchi and her return to Seattle Opera as Strauss's Composer and Mozart's Despina.

Kimberly Barber was recently appointed Assistant Professor of Voice at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ontario.

Ché Anne Loewen, originally from Steinbach, Manitoba, is a collaborative pianist of breadth and authority. She has performed throughout Canada and in Europe with many singers and instrumentalists, including Jean Stilwell, Catherine Robbin, Gary Relyea, and Measha Brueggengosman. Most recently she has been touring in concert with soprano Lorna MacDonald and trumpeter Guy Few; Ms. Loewen and Mr. Few have collaborated on a recording of French repertoire entitled *Exposures*.

Ms. Loewen studied piano performance with Garth and Marjorie Beckett at Wilfrid Laurier University where she was a gold medal graduate. Her aptitude for accompanying led her to the University of Southern California for further study with Jean Barr and Brooks Smith, graduating with top awards. She continued her study at the Banff Centre and in Austria at the Franz Schubert Institut.

Ms. Loewen has served on the boards of Queen of Puddings Music Theatre Co., Consort Caritatis, and currently sits on the board of the Aldeburgh Connection and on the Dean's Committee in the Faculty of Music at the University of Toronto. She has received the Arbor Award for her outstanding service to the University where she founded the Greta Kraus Scholarship and spearheaded the Lois Marshall Chair in Voice Studies.

Ms. Loewen's first love is the art song repertoire, and she relishes her opportunities to pass this music on to her students at the University of Toronto. She has also been a guest instructor in Canada at the Banff Centre's School of Fine Arts, the Elora Festival, Newfoundland's Memorial University, for the National Association of Teachers of Singing, and in Germany at the Musikakademie of the Prinzregententheater in Munich.

Translations

Mädchenlied

Auf die Nacht in der Spinnstüb,
 Da singen die Mädchen,
 Da lachen die Dorfbubn
 Wie flink geh'n die Rädchen!
 Spinnt Jedes am Brautschatz,
 Dass der Liebste sich freut.
 Nicht lange, so gibt es
 Ein Hochzeitsgeläut.

Kein Mensch der mir gut ist,
 Will nach mir fragen;
 Wie bang mir zu Mut ist,
 Wem soll ich's klagen?
 Die Tränen rinnen mir übers Gesicht,
 Wofür soll ich spinnen?
 Ich weiß es nicht!

La Flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies
 il m'a donné une syrinx
 faites de roseaux bien taillées,
 uni avec la blanche cire
 qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.
 Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
 mais je suis un peu tremblante.
 Il en joue après moi si doucement
 que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
 tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;
 mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
 et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent
 sur la flûte.
 Il est tard, voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
 Qui commence avec la nuit.
 Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée
 Si longtemps à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

Nana

Duérmete, niño, duerme
 Duerme, mi alma,
 duérmete, lucerito de la mañana.

Nanita, nana,
 duérmete, lucerito de la mañana.

At night in the spinning rooms
 the maidens are singing,
 the village lads are laughing;
 how nimbly the little wheels turn!
 Each maiden is spinning for her trousseau,
 so that her sweetheart may be pleased.
 Before long there will be
 a sound of wedding bells.

There is no one fond of me,
 who will ask for me.
 How anxious my heart is;
 to whom should I complain?
 The tears are running down my face.
 What am I spinning for?
 I do not know!

For the Hyacinth Festival
 he has given me
 a syrinx of well-formed reeds,
 bound together with white wax,
 which is sweet to my lips as honey.
 He teaches me to play, sitting on his knees;
 but I am a little nervous.
 He plays after me so softly
 that I can scarcely hear.

We have nothing to say to each other,
 so close are we to one another;
 but in songs we converse,
 and sometimes our mouths join
 on the flute.
 It is late; that is the song of the green frogs
 That begins with the night.
 My mother will never believe that I have been so
 long looking for my lost belt.

Sleep, little child, sleep
 Sleep my soul,
 sleep, my little star of the morning.

Lullaby, lullaby
 Sleep my little star of the morning.

Och Moder, ich well en Ding han

Och Mod'r, ich well en Ding han!
„Wat för en Ding ming Hetzenskind?“
en Ding, en Ding!
„Wells de dann e Pöppchen han?“
Nä, Moder, nä!
Ehr sitt kein gode Moder,
Ehr künnt dat Ding nit rode!
Wat dat Kind förn Ding well han,
Ding derling ding ding!

Och Mod'r, ich well en Ding han!
„Wat för en Ding ming Hetzenskind?“
en Ding, en Ding!
„Wells de dann e Ringelchen han?“
Nä, Moder, nä!
Ehr sitt kein gode Moder,
Ehr künnt dat Ding nit rode!
Wat dat Kind förn Ding well han,
Ding derling ding ding!

Och Mod'r, ich well en Ding han!
„Wat för en Ding ming Hetzenskind?“
en Ding, en Ding!
„Wells de dann e Kleidchen han?“
Nä, Moder, nä!
Ehr sitt kein gode Moder,
Ehr künnt dat Ding nit rode!
Wat dat Kind förn Ding well han,
Ding derling ding ding!

Och Mod'r, ich well en Ding han!
„Wat för en Ding ming Hetzenskind?“
en Ding, en Ding!
„Wells de dann ene Mann han?“
Jo, Moder, jo!
Er sitt en gode Moder,
Ehr künnt dat Ding wahl rode,
Wat dat Kind förn Ding well han!
Ding derling ding ding!

Oh, Mother I want to have something!
“What kind of thing, my darling child?”
Something, something!
“Well, do you want a doll?”
No, Mother, no!
You're not a good mother;
You can't guess the thing!
What kind of thing the child wants—
Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

Oh, Mother I want to have something!
“What kind of thing, my darling child?”
Something, something!
“Well, do you want a ring?”
No, Mother, no!
You're not a good mother;
You can't guess the thing!
What kind of thing the child wants—
Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

Oh, Mother I want to have something!
“What kind of thing, my darling child?”
Something, something!
“Well, do you want a dress?”
No, Mother, no!
You're not a good mother;
You can't guess the thing!
What kind of thing the child wants—
Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

Oh, Mother I want to have something!
“What kind of thing, my darling child?”
Something, something!
“Well, do you want to have a husband?”
Yes, Mother, yes!
You're a good mother;
You surely can guess the thing!
The kind of thing your child wants—
Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda händer—Modern sade:
Hvarov rodna dina händer, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har plockat rosor,
Och på tårnen stungit mina händer.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med röda läppar—Modern sade:
Hvarov rodna dina läppar, flicka?
Flickan sade: jag har ätit hallon,
Och med saften målat mina läppar.

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,
Kom med bleka kinder—Modern sade:
Hvarov blekna dina kinder, flicka?
Flickan sade: red en graf, o Moder!
Göm mig där, och ställ ett kors deröfver,
Och på korset rista, som jag säger:
En gång kom hon hem med röda händer;
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar;
Ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.

Du liebst mich nicht

Mein Herz ist zerissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du liessest mich's wissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Wiewohl ich dir flehend und werbend erschien,
und liebebflissen, du liebst mich nicht!
Du hast es gesprochen, mit Worten gesagt,
mit allzu gewissen, du liebst mich nicht!
So soll ich die Sterne, so soll ich den Mond,
die Sonne vermissen? du liebst mich nicht!
Was blüht mir die Rose? was blüht der Jasmin?
Was blühen die Narzissen? Du liebst mich nicht!

The girl returned from meeting her lover,
came back with red hands—Her mother asked:
Why are your hands so red, my child?
The girl replied: I have been plucking roses
And pricked my hands on the thorns.

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
came back with red lips—Her mother asked:
Why are your lips so red, my child?
The girl replied: I have been eating raspberries
And stained my lips with the juice.

Again she returned from meeting her lover,
came back with pale cheeks—Her mother asked:
Why are your cheeks so pale, my child?
The girl replied: Prepare a grave, mother!
Hide me there and set up a cross
And on the cross carve these words:
Once she came home with red hands
For they had turned red between her lover's hands.
Once she came home with red lips
For they had turned red beneath her lover's lips.
The last time she came home with pale cheeks
For they had turned pale at her lover's
unfaithfulness.

My heart is torn, you do not love me!
You let me know it, you do not love me!
Though I came to you pleading
And full of love, you do not love me!
You have spoken, put it into words,
said it all too clearly, you do not love me!
So must I forego the stars, the moon
And even the sun—you do not love me!
What is it to me if the roses bloom? Or the jasmin?
Or the narcissus? You do not love me!

Im Frühling

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang,
der Himmel ist so klar,
das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl einst ach,
so glücklich war;
wo ich an ihrer Seite ging so traulich und so nah,

und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh', wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
am liebsten pflückt ich von dem Zweig,
von welchem sie gepflückt!
Denn alles ist wie damals noch,
die Blumen, das Gefild;
die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell
das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
es wechseln Lust und Streit;
vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!
O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
dort an dem Wiesenhang,
dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
und säng' ein süßes Lied von ihr
den ganzen Sommer lang.

L'Ile inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle, où voulez-vous aller?
La voile enfle son aile,
la brise va souffler.

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
le pavillon de moire,
le gouvernail d'or fin,
j'ai pour lest une orange,
pour voile une aile d'ange,
pour mousse un séraphin.

Est-ce dans la Baltique?
Dans la mer Pacifique?
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
cueillir la fleur de neige,
ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

On hillside's slope I sit quietly,
the sky is so clear,
a breeze blows in the green vale,
where I in spring's first warm rays was once,
oh, so happy;
When I was walking by her side so friendly and so
close,
and deep in the rocky pool
I saw reflected the beautiful clear, blue sky,
and her within that sky.

See how sparkling Spring already
Peeps out from every bud and bough!
Not all blooms are the same to me;
Most of all I liked to pick those from the branch
From which she had picked!
For all is as it used to be,
the flowers and the fields;
the sun does not shine less brightly,
and the reflection of the blue heavens above
floats no less sweetly in the pool.

What changes are will and whim,
and joys change into quarrels,
gone forever is the happiness of love,
and love alone is left,
love, and alas, torment!
Oh, if I were only but a little bird
There on the meadow's slope,
I would then remain on these branches
And sing a sweet song of her
The whole summer long.

Tell me, young beauty, where would you like to go?
The sail is filling its wing
And the breeze will blow.

The oar is of ivory,
the flag of watered silk,
the rudder of fine gold;
I have an orange for ballast,
an angel's wing for a sail,
and a cherub as a cabin boy.

Is it to the Baltic?
To the Pacific Ocean?
To the island of Java?
Or could it be in Norway,
to pick the snowdrop,
or the flower of Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle, dites où voulez-vous aller?
Menez-moi, dit la belle,
à la rive fidèle où l'on aime toujours!

Cette rive, ma chère,
on ne la connaît guère au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

Geheimen

Über meines Liebchens Äugeln
Stehen verwundert alle Leute;
Ich, der Wissende, dagegen,
weiß recht gut was das bedeute.

Denn es heißt: ich liebe diesen,
und nicht etwa den und jenen.
Lasset nur ihr guten Leute,
euer Wundern, euer Sehnen!

Ja, mit ungeheuren Mächten
Blicket sie wohl in die Runde;
Doch, sie sucht nur zu verkünden
Ihm die nächste süße Stunde.

Tell me, young beauty, where would you like to go?
Take me, said the beauty,
to those faithful shores where one loves forever!

This shore, my dear,
One hardly knows of it in the country of Love.

Where would you like to go?
The breeze will blow.

Regarding the glances of my lover
Everyone stands perplexed;
But I, the one who knows, on the contrary,
I know very well what they must mean.

For it means: I love this one,
and not him, or the other one.
Leave, you good people,
your wondering, your longing!

Yes, with what monstrous powers
She looks about the room;
Yet she seeks only to announce to him
The next sweet hour together.